

A Sick You Can't Fix

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A Sick You Can't Fix

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Summary

Will Graham is a sixteen-year-old sex addict that thinks he knows what he wants. Dr. Hannibal Lecter is the forty-six-year-old psychiatrist the boy's mother hires to treat him. When it comes to his new patient, Dr. Lecter's moral principles quickly begin to deteriorate—not that they were particularly sound to begin with. Bewitched by his seductive wiles and tempted to take advantage of young Will, Hannibal offers some very... *unconventional* means of therapy. Confidentiality still applies, of course.

Notes

Inspired by our lovely Porn Fairy, [Yggdrastiles](#), who captivated us with her gloriously sinful ideas. Please heed the warning and tags before reading, and get ready to dive into nearly 8k words of filth.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hannibal observes the boy in front of him. Will Graham is wearing a dark blue dress – sleeveless, pleated and cinched at the waist with an ornamented collar. It matches the boy's blue eyes. His legs are covered by black stockings and his high heels make him almost as tall as Hannibal when they are standing. As Will sits the dress covers his thighs, but Hannibal can still catch a glimpse of creamy skin as the boy moves. He is *beautiful*. Hannibal sits in the chair across from Will, and he's glad he's *supposed* to stare. Will's dark, curly hair looks slightly mussed, and he wonders if the boy left it like that on purpose. Hannibal knows precisely what brought him to his office, but he needs to make the boy talk anyway.

“So, Will,” he says, crossing his legs and joining his hands on his lap as Will's blue eyes remain fixed on him. He holds the boy's gaze, his voice soft and tone conversational. “What brings you to my office?”

Will smirks, eyes briefly breaking contact to rove appreciatively over Dr. Lecter's body. He brings a finger to his delicate pink mouth, traces along his lower lip as he contemplates. Maybe this wouldn't be such a waste of time after all.

"I'm not here because I need to be," he finally says with a shrug. "It's because my mom worries too much." Will pauses, assessing how much information he should divulge; how much Dr. Lecter knows already. "I like having sex. *She* dislikes the idea of her little boy taking cock." Will laughs, unable to help himself. "But who doesn't like sex, Doctor? I bet *you* do."

Most boys he meets are potential sex partners, but now he sits before a *man* in every sense of the word. Will can already feel his excitement growing – it's been at least a few hours since he's had a nice, hard cock in him, and it's all he can think about. His tongue darts out to eagerly wet his lips.

“Most people do,” Hannibal replies, helpless to resist licking his own lips as he watches the boy. He inhales deeply, steadily. “Would you say you have a preoccupation with sex? Perhaps struggle with persistent sexual urges or behavior?”

“You think I'm obsessed,” Will says flatly. “That I'm, what, a nympho? A satyr?”

This makes Hannibal click his tongue, though the boy's vocabulary surprises him. "Terms for *erotomania*, specifically nymphomania and satyriasis, are outdated. What you may be exhibiting signs of could point to a hypersexual disorder, sex addiction, or yes... Obsession."

Will definitely seems to want him, just as surely as he wants most boys who cross his path. Hannibal wonders if Will has ever had sex with a man his age, and he suddenly feels jealous with the thought of an older man touching the boy.

Will's mother talked to Hannibal before bringing the boy to see him, told him everything she knew the boy did. Told him Will had been tested and gave him the results. Hannibal looked through them to see that Will was in fact healthy. Now he watches the boy as the test results lay on the small table next to his chair, and he wonders if the boy has safe sex or if he's simply lucky.

“With what frequency do you have sex, Will?” Hannibal asks, gaze falling to the boy's lips, and he can't help but picture those pink lips around a cock. Around *his* cock. He looks back into the boy's eyes, trying to push the idea away at least for the time being.

"If it's the real thing? As often as I can," Will replies, cocking his head to the side.

"Sometimes multiple times a day, depending on who's available. Once daily is as low as I can go, if I'm really fucked out." He bites back a smile. "That doesn't happen a lot," he adds, eyes glinting with mischief.

Sitting back in his chair, Will sinks into the soft, leather-bound cushions. The position spreads his legs a little wider, but he refrains from giving Dr. Lecter a show – not unless he wants one.

"I can take care of the rest myself if I need to. Not as good, but it gets the job done." He drums his fingers against the armrests impatiently, already thinking of who he could call by the end of their appointment. "This is the longest I've gone in a while."

“And now you feel like you need more,” Hannibal observes, his voice soft. It's not an accusation. But the boy really seems to be addicted to it, just as his mother feared. Hannibal feels tempted to take advantage of that.

“How many different partners do you have now, Will?” He asks, and thinking about it just makes him more jealous. He shouldn't feel this way about a sixteen-year-old boy he's just met, but somehow he feels attracted to the boy, hungry for him. His gaze trails down Will's body, the boy's legs are slightly parted now and Hannibal wants to touch his thighs, feel his skin through the stockings. He catches himself fantasizing about fucking the boy in that blue dress. He's curious if Will is even wearing anything underneath it.

“Partners... *friends*,” Will breathes, considering. "I have a lot of them. Sort of lost count. I know it's supposed to be quality over quantity.” Still languidly reclined, he decides that maybe he *does* want to give the man a show after all. He did seem rather interested, studying the boy carefully. It makes Will's breathing hitch – but Dr. Lecter doesn't appear to be finished questioning him. Will wonders if he's dissatisfied with his answers.

The more he learns, the more Hannibal suspects that luck may play a bigger role than he thought. “Do you use condoms when you're with them?”

"Not always," Will answers nonchalantly. He sighs and begins playing with the hem of his dress, rubbing the fabric in between his fingers. "Sometimes I need it so bad I can't wait. If I'm getting fucked I want to feel everything as much as possible... It's so much better that way." He can feel his heart racing, body pulling him toward sex. More often than not, he isn't the one wearing protection – eagerly presenting himself instead, begging to be filled. He likes being come inside of. It's a risky behavior he indulges in more than he probably should, but it feels *good*.

Will catches Dr. Lecter eyeing him for a long moment, and suddenly his shamelessness is on full display. Exhibitionism is nothing new – he enjoys being watched, being the center of attention. He arches an eyebrow, hands smoothing down along his dress and slipping underneath to travel across his thighs.

Dr. Lecter's gaze immediately shifts, snapping back up to the boy's face. "I think your mother worries about you, Will. Sexual promiscuity is dangerous in itself, but it can also be an indicator of a more serious problem. Perhaps something psychological in nature."

The boy offers an unamused look. "Are you saying I'm sick?" Will asks. The comment bothers him more than he lets on.

"I don't think you're disturbed psychologically, no. But sickness occurs in more than just the mind. If you aren't sick now you may get that way. Unprotected anal sex is one of the riskiest behaviors one can engage in." Hannibal assumes that for Will, this is part of the appeal.

That was the risk he took. It didn't seem to faze him much. Will averts his gaze to the small pile of papers stacked on Dr. Lecter's desk. "I'm clean. You've got my test results," he notes with a shrug. "And my mom got them before you did. She'd have me in a doctor's office if I wasn't—a specialist in internal medicine, not a psychiatrist—not *yours*." But here Will was. He knew better. "I'm clean."

Hannibal smiles almost imperceptibly, eyebrow quirking with interest. Will was *very* observant. It fascinates him, and his eyes settle on an exposed stretch of the boy's skin.

Relaxed and triumphant, Will much prefers the warm coiling beneath his navel as Hannibal appraises him to his lecturing. He runs with it. "Am I distracting you, Dr. Lecter?" he asks innocently, breath coming quicker now. Will hikes his dress up, baring tender skin, pale and perfect. His hands roam along the inside of his thighs, and he spreads them just enough to flash an eyeful of black lace. "You want to touch me?"

"*Will*," Hannibal warns, and swallows, because it's far too much. He's sure he saw a glimpse of black lace panties just before Will covered himself again. Hannibal wants more. He wants the boy, won't deny that. And if the boy wants him too, then maybe Hannibal can offer him some relief. Provide him with a more unusual treatment, effective in a different way. He wonders if Will always wears dresses or if he decided to wear one just so he could expose himself; be a tease. Both ideas seem appealing. He *does* want to touch.

"You shouldn't behave like that with me," Hannibal tells him, but it's true that he can't stop staring and that his cock is hardening in his pants. "It's inappropriate." Hannibal wants it, but he won't initiate it. He's curious what the boy will do, how much he will insist. He wants to see how much *Will* wants it. Suddenly, he decides that he wants the boy all for himself, and doesn't want anyone else to touch him or see him like this.

His gaze moves up to Will's eyes again, and Hannibal's are dark with lust. "You're my patient, and I'm thirty years your senior."

Will hums. "That's thirty more years of experience. I've always wanted to try it with a *man*," he says, tapping his heels against the grey oak floor. It didn't matter that he was propositioning his own psychiatrist.

"I see the way you look at me. We're alone in your office. We've got the time... Why don't you fuck me? As hard as you want. On your desk, against the bookshelf, in your office chair..." Will can't fight it anymore. He needs it now. One way or another, he isn't leaving

here without getting off.

The boy brings his legs together, raising himself with both hands against the armrests as he stands. He toes off his shoes carelessly, stocking-clad feet padding across the hardwood, prowling closer with a singular focus.

"Better yet, I'll ride you. Right there if you want. You don't even have to take your clothes off. Just let me use your cock."

Dr. Lecter looks far more composed than Will would like. He'll have to change that – he straddles the man's lap, knees digging into the cushions on either side of him. Seizes him by the wrists to guide his hands underneath his dress, lets them settle against the skin of his thighs. Then Will leans in close, lips against the doctor's ear.

"I had a good fucking a while ago," he whispers, shuddering as he rocks against the rigid heat beneath him, "but now I'm overdo." Still sore from his earlier efforts, Will is just open enough so that it won't be agonizing. He wants to feel the stretch again, is addicted to it. And he wants it to be *Dr. Lecter*. "You won't have to do much. Just put your cock in me. I'll even let you come inside."

"Will..." Hannibal's voice is hoarse and he bites back a moan, sliding his hands up until he can feel Will's bare skin against his hands without the thin fabric of the stockings between them. Moving up even more he finds lace panties and a garter belt, and he can't resist it any longer. Doesn't want to resist. He leans closer to kiss the boy's neck, his fingertips brushing against Will's erection just slightly, tearing a moan from the boy's mouth.

"That's not all I want to do to you," Hannibal answers, his voice low and deep as he bites Will's earlobe. He wraps his arms around the boy firmly as he stands up, carrying him in his arms to drop him on the chaise longue. "We'll be more comfortable here," he says as he sits next to him, already sliding his hand under the boy's dress again to touch his cock through the lace of his panties.

"Did you come here with this intention?" the doctor asks, his hand rubbing firmly against Will's cock as the boy grabs his shoulders, holding on to him. Hannibal shows no mercy, placing his free hand on Will's waist and gripping tightly, certain that he's leaving bruises on the boy's skin. "When your mother told you she wanted to bring you to see a therapist... Did you plan this?" Hannibal grips him through the lace; moves his hand faster as he leans in, close enough that he and Will are breathing into one another, hot breath against each other's mouths. "*Naughty boy.*"

"Caught me red-handed," Will gasps, unable to wipe the smile off his face. His body flushes at the doctor's words, admonishing but somehow so filthy, so wrong. It absolutely *thrills* him. He only grows more aroused with the display of dominance, lithe, well-developed muscle working to overpower him; leave Will a whining mess on the plush chaise.

"Ah... Fuck, you're strong," he purrs, arching into the touch. Much stronger than the scrawny boys he so often uses for his pleasure, good but not nearly good enough. If Will wasn't careful he'd become addicted to *this*, to this man and this body, the heady, masculine scent of

him and the feel of broad shoulders beneath his fingertips.

Will suddenly can't shake the thought of Dr. Lecter fucking him right here, imagining himself nearly bent in half to his liking and trembling as he was taken, as he was satisfied – for the time being. He keens and rolls his hips, desperate for more friction. "What else do you want to do to me?"

Hannibal growls against Will's lips, eyes dark with pure lust. He wants *so much*. Wants things he probably shouldn't want. He gives Will what he wants, more friction, pressing harder against his cock, his grip tighter, moving faster.

"I want to make you come like this," Hannibal says, moving his hand from Will's waist to his hair, yanking his head back to expose his throat to him. He presses his nose to the boy's neck, breathing him in, the smell of his arousal clouding his mind. He *loves* it.

"I want your mouth on me," he continues, biting Will's neck just hard enough to leave a mark. "I want you to deepthroat me. I want to come in your mouth, Will. You like that, don't you?" he asks, leaving small bite marks all over Will's neck. None of them would last long, they would surely disappear in a few minutes. "You like having a big cock in your pretty mouth. You like when they come down your throat."

Hannibal doesn't require an answer; knows it's something the boy can't deny. "I want you to ride me like you said you would," he continues. "I'll make you feel so full. All those boys, they don't satisfy you, do they? They're not good enough."

Will realizes that Dr. Lecter is right. He isn't picky, as long as he's getting what he needs – but none of his partners were particularly experienced. Maybe if he was more satisfied, he wouldn't have as many of them.

"You saying I should raise my standards?" Will's toes curl in his stockings. The question is rhetorical – Dr. Lecter was raising them already. The stimulation of his cock, even through the lace fabric of his panties, was enough to drive him wild. "Will I get to have *your* big cock in my pretty mouth?" he asks, and the mere thought makes him salivate. Will moans as he's quickly coaxed to the brink of orgasm, knowing that even after he's come, he'll still need more.

Hannibal leans closer to Will's ear. "You'll have it in your mouth," he assures him, and it sends a shiver down the boy's spine.

"I'm good at it, you know..." Will braces his hands against Hannibal's chest. "I could suck you off and let you come down my throat—it'd be over fast. Or I could ride you hard, until you're coming inside me nice and deep." The hand tangled in his hair tightens its grip, and Will hisses in pain and pleasure.

"I won't come down your throat. Not today."

Hannibal moves his hand down to cup Will's balls and massage them for a moment before continuing to stroke the boy's cock. Will's dress is still covering the boy's lap and Hannibal

releases his hold just to pull it up, knowing that the boy would reach his orgasm soon and wanting to watch.

"I'll let you ride me," he says, hot breath against the boy's ear. He has to fight the urge to bite down hard on Will's neck. "I'll come deep inside you just the way you like it. I wonder how tight you'll be for me..."

Will pants openly, his ribcage expanding with each heavy, quickened breath. He's never been so close to coming so *fast*, and has never done so in his panties. The thought makes laughter bubble up in his chest, fingers scrabbling for purchase, clutching at the lapels of Dr. Lecter's suit.

"That... depends on how big you actually are," Will fires back, and Hannibal simply hums and redoubles his efforts. It isn't long before the laughter turns to whimpering, and Will is seized by the strength of his release as the stimulation drags him over the edge.

The boy comes in thick bursts, his cock jerking where it's trapped inside thin, black lace. His body trembles with the aftershocks, and he doesn't care that he's ruined his panties – he has an entire drawer full of lacy undergarments, but his cheeks color brightly despite himself. Dr. Lecter sucks bruises against the hollow of Will's throat, still helplessly bared to him.

Small hands search until they can rake painted nails down the back of Hannibal's neck, the corners of Will's mouth curling into a lazy, satisfied grin. He hadn't even been touched directly, but he'd come harder than he ever had at the hands of any *boy*.

And Hannibal doesn't stop. He drops to his knees between Will's legs and mouths his cock through his panties, sucking Will's come through the thin lace. Will squirms and whines with oversensitivity but Hannibal doesn't stop until he's sure he swallowed it all and Will is pulling his hair.

He pushes the boy against the chaise, making him lie back, and pulls his panties down, revealing his softening cock. Will holds on to the edge of the chaise, metallic silver nails burying into the cushions as Hannibal slides his panties down his legs and takes them off. The boy is left in only his stockings and garter belt underneath his beautiful dress.

Will is still panting, and Hannibal wants more. He holds Will's legs apart and bites the boy's thigh, sinking his teeth into his flesh and tearing a loud moan from the boy's mouth. He sucks a dark bruise on his inner thigh before moving to the other; leaves a mark identical to the first. Will's hands return to his hair, and Hannibal bites him again, harder this time, almost drawing blood. The third bruise will last longer, Hannibal will still be able to see it next week when Will comes back.

He moves to sit next to Will and lets the boy watch as he puts the panties in his pocket. The boy seems to hold his breath. Hannibal smirks and leans in, kissing his lips softly.

"Yes. I'm keeping them," he says, his voice low and deep, lips brushing against Will's. "Now. Do you want to see how big I am?" He smirks.

Will nods with as much vigor as he can manage, limbs heavy and still catching his breath. "*Pervert*," he teases, sitting up and crawling closer. His stockings slide smoothly across the chaise. The bites on his thighs throb and sting, but he already wears them with pride. "Let's see if you're all talk."

The boy lifts up onto his knees and reaches for Dr. Lecter's belt, undoes the buckle and the buttons of his trousers, unzips his fly. Will reaches into the silk fabric of his briefs to grip him and pull him free, and just from his hand around him he can already *feel* the difference. To see it sends a frisson of pure lust through him, and Will has to appreciate the veritable feast for his senses. His eyes widen, pupils blown wide, nearly eclipsing rings of blue and gray.

Hannibal *is* big – certainly bigger than he's used to, dwarfing anything Will has ever taken in both length and girth. It's the first time he's seen an uncut cock up close; he and every boy he's ever fooled around with were all circumcised. But *Hannibal*, every beautiful, intact inch of him, is perfectly unmarred. He isn't entirely sure he could even fit him comfortably in his mouth... Will swallows thickly, but his gut tightens with a surge of arousal. "Fuck," he whispers, then wets his lips instinctively. He feels how heavy Hannibal is, how full and hard and *hot*, and Will aches to take his pleasure on such a perfect cock. "You wanna fuck my mouth?" he asks.

"Yes," Hannibal says, lifting his hands to run his fingers through Will's hair. The boy's curls are already a mess. He looks adorable. Hannibal moves one hand to the back of Will's neck, lets his nails graze against Will's skin before moving down, unzipping his dress slowly.

"But first, I want you naked." Hannibal runs his fingers up and down Will's spine, his soft skin now exposed. He touches the boy's bottom lip with his thumb, gently pushing it into his mouth to touch his tongue. "And I want you to show me what you can do with your pretty mouth."

Will looks up at him through long, thick lashes before his eyelids flutter closed. He makes a show of hollowing his cheeks, eagerly sucking on the digit, caressing with his tongue before he releases it from his mouth. Then he's meeting Hannibal's gaze defiantly as Will gets his feet underneath him, moves until his legs are over the chaise and stands to divest himself of his dress. He steps out of it unceremoniously, kicks it into a pile on the antique rug – he isn't shy about his body. His preferred state of being is undressed... He *did* like the stockings and garter belt, however. Dr. Lecter seemed to like them too.

The carpet isn't too rough on Will's knees as he kneels, and he takes Hannibal's cock in hand, licks a hot, wet stripe up the underside. He handles him gingerly, mouthing around him, mindful of his teeth. Will feels the slide of foreskin as he strokes him slow, wide eyes alight with curiosity as he pulls it up over the shiny glans and back down again. Hannibal's breathing hitches and he buries his fingers in Will's head of unruly curls – the boy pumps him a little faster in kind, tightening his grip.

Will revels in the softness of skin gliding across hard flesh, moving until it covers the head of Hannibal's cock. The motion was hypnotizing. It's too enticing to resist, and Will nips and sucks at the fold of tissue playfully. He takes just the tip of Hannibal into his mouth with a firm suction before pulling back, lips brushing against his slit to taste him – he retracts

Hannibal's foreskin once more just to sate his own fascination. Will decides, with a dizzying rush of arousal, that he wants to feel him pulsing down his throat.

Hannibal is breathing heavily with every movement of Will's lips and tongue, fingers gripping the boy's curls tightly. Hannibal watches him as he keeps playing with his foreskin, and lowers one of his hands, resting it on the back of Will's neck. The boy looks beautiful on his knees and between Hannibal's thighs like this. Hannibal wonders if Will's friends know how to truly appreciate it when Will sucks them off. Feeling jealous again, Hannibal curls his fingers, gently scratching against the skin of Will's nape. He wants to claim the boy as his own.

“Open your mouth, Will,” Hannibal says, and Will immediately obliges. Hannibal guides his cock into the boy's mouth, the warmth and wetness of it making him moan. The shaft slides against Will's warm tongue, and Hannibal moves his hips, pulling out and pushing in again as the boy looks up at him through dark lashes. He's almost too big for Will's mouth, and it feels deliciously tight around him.

“Suck, darling,” he instructs, running his fingers through Will's hair and caressing his scalp. The boy closes his eyes for a short moment and does as Hannibal says, hollowing his cheeks before looking up again. “Good boy,” and Will moans around his cock at the praise. “Can you take it all in for me?” Hannibal asks, pushing forward until he's fully inside that slick mouth, can feel himself bumping the back of the boy's throat. Will can't breathe, but his throat is tight and hot around Hannibal's cock and he holds him there for a few seconds. Will doesn't complain.

“You're beautiful,” Hannibal says reverently as he pulls Will's head back just enough for the boy to breathe. Planting his feet firmly on the floor, he starts thrusting into Will's mouth with leisure, pulling his hair and groaning loud. He lets the boy pull back to take a few breaths before he's surging back inside, his cock sliding all the way into Will's mouth. One of Hannibal's hands moves down to his neck, caressing his throat softly.

Will's jaw is starting to ache, lips stretched wide around Hannibal's cock – but it only excites him to be used this way. He swallows around Hannibal once, then again, letting him feel the bulge of himself as he slides down Will's throat. The boy tries not to gag as he pulls back, feeling Hannibal drag heavy across his tongue, and he relishes the sweet breath that it allows. It's short-lived, but Will welcomes it as Hannibal pushes back inside his mouth. He doesn't stop until he's been taken down to the root.

Hannibal's face begins to blur as Will's eyes fill with tears, but he doesn't need to breathe quite yet. It thrills him, this edge of danger, the very idea of such raunchy, illicit sex with his psychiatrist – the same one hired to treat his obsession. It makes Will moan, but Hannibal is blocking his airway so completely that the sound is little more than a muffled vibration. He's being held firmly in place, Hannibal's hand cradling the back of his skull. Will's throat contracts around the intrusion and Hannibal groans, hips flexing forward to bury himself deeper. Fat tears finally spill from Will's eyes, running down his cheeks in salty rivulets – only then does Hannibal relent, withdrawing his cock, obscenely shiny and slick from the tight, wet heat of the boy's mouth and throat.

He leaves Will gasping for breath between his legs, wiping the spittle from his lips and chin with the back of his hand. He rises to his feet and slinks over to where he'd set his bag down on the floor. Will rummages around for a brief moment, breathing heavily until he smiles and returns with a small bottle of lubricant... Then he's crowding Hannibal back against the foot of the chaise longue, pushes him down with a firm hand to his chest.

The boy once again straddles Dr. Lecter's lap, smiling with lascivious intent. "I'm going to ride you now," Will rasps, popping the cap and squeezing lube onto his fingers. He flicks it closed and sets the bottle aside, then he's stroking Hannibal in long, hard pulls, getting his cock nice and slippery.

"Imagine you're getting paid to wreck me, Doctor." Will grips him by the base, guides him to his hole – he realizes he might regret the lack of preparation after all as he sinks down, his hole sore and stretching to accommodate such a difference in size.

Hannibal groans, arching his back slightly, his hands squeezing Will's thighs, the smooth fabric of the stockings against his palms. He was expecting Will to want some manner of preparation, but the lack of it makes the boy feel so hot and so *tight* around him as he sinks down onto his cock. Hannibal slides his hands up to Will's hips and pulls him down hard, making them both moan.

He sits up and caresses the boy's hips, fingers moving slowly against the lace of the black garter belt. The boy looks so small on his lap, so beautiful and young. He almost looks innocent. Again Hannibal feels the need to claim him, to make Will *his* and no one else's. He wonders if any of Will's friends ever treat him like *this*, if they ever truly care about giving Will pleasure instead of just taking it. He leans in to mouth at the boy's neck, licking and sucking on his skin softly as he moves closer to his ear.

"Come on, Will," he says in a whisper, hands sliding up from the boy's hips to his back, caressing his skin softly. The boy doesn't move his hips yet, as if waiting for Hannibal to tell him what to do. Hannibal smiles and bites his earlobe softly, grazing his nails all the way down Will's back. He touches the boy's nipples then, brushing his fingers against them, pinching and pulling. "Do it," Hannibal says. "Ride me like the little cockslut you are."

A jolt of arousal shoots through him and Will shudders, huffing out a breathy laugh at the automatic twitch of his own hips. To think that he'd come into Dr. Lecter's office *bored* – expecting something of an elderly shrink, perhaps balding and bespectacled, gray-bearded and pot-bellied. He may not be picky, but Will *does* have a type.

Dr. Lecter fit the bill to a T. The boy pushes him down with a hand against each shoulder until Hannibal is lying back against the chaise. Will is done being coy... This is what he's been craving for hours now, what he's wanted so badly he seduced a virtual stranger just to get. He sits up tall and straight, back arching as he works his hips in little circles, then quick, long undulations. Will rises and falls with practiced ease, and yet it's unlike any sex he's ever had. It feels so much *better*, so much more intense... He sets a steady pace, fast and hard, small hands against Hannibal's clothed chest to steady him as he moves.

It's so *good*, so dirty, and Will moans unabashedly, slowing the roll of his hips. He wants to

feel every hot slide of being filled up by such a satisfying cock, wants each press of Hannibal inside to steal the breath from his lungs... And it does. His own cock thickens optimistically as Will shifts, leaning back to change the angle of penetration.

"Think I'm gonna... Gonna come just from riding you," he pants, and Will can feel the pleasure building strong and quick, knows it's only a matter of time. The admission shocks even him – he's never come untouched before, not once. Each time he sinks down it pulls a whimper from his throat; every thrust against the sensitive places inside taking him apart, head thrown back and body trembling as he bounces on Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal watches as Will moves, letting the boy set the pace and be in control. He places his hands on Will's thighs and groans every time Will sinks down onto him... Will's cock is hard again and the boy is going to come all over Hannibal's suit and ruin it, and somehow the doctor doesn't mind. He wants to see the boy come like that, *wants* to get paid to wreck him. It's wrong and immoral and it's all Hannibal wants to do with the boy from now on.

"Give me your hands," Hannibal says, and grabs Will's hands when the boy obeys, intertwining their fingers. He rests his elbows on the chaise and Will leans against his hands, using them as leverage to move even harder on Hannibal's lap. Hannibal starts thrusting up into him impatiently, squeezing Will's fingers, and the boy whimpers every time Hannibal buries himself deep inside him.

"How does it feel, Will?" Hannibal asks, panting as he fucks the boy harder. It'll leave the boy sore, but Hannibal likes the idea. He wants to make Will remember him. "Does it feel good to have me inside of you like this? To think that your parents are paying me so I can fuck you?" Hannibal hears the boy whine, watches as he closes his eyes, his skin flushed, curls bouncing as he moves.

"You like this, don't you? Knowing that you're doing something wrong," Hannibal pants loudly, and knows he won't take too long to come either. But he wants the boy to come first, wants to feel him clenching around him, squeezing him tight. "You're lucky that we are just alike," he continues, and Will buries his nails into the back of Hannibal's hand, opening his eyes again to look at the doctor. Hannibal holds his gaze. "You feel so good around me, Will. I'll have to fuck you every time you come here. You're such a good boy for me. So beautiful."

"Pr-Promise?" Will breathes, and he's so close he can almost taste it, thick and sweet on the tip of his tongue. His breathing is harsh, erratic, and he squeezes Hannibal's fingers as tight as he can manage. The boy raises up with the help of Hannibal's hands – just to drop back down again and again, the wet *smack* of skin on skin loud in his ears. With Hannibal thrusting up to meet him, it's all too much. He's going to come, he's going to come *so hard* that the other boys he lets fuck him will never be enough... Not anymore.

"I can't—" Will sobs, and he's putting all of his weight into the swivel of his hips. "I can't get enough of your cock, oh *fuck*..." The contractions start deep in his pelvis, and Will thinks he can feel the throb of Hannibal's heartbeat where he's burying himself inside his body, over and over and *over*.

His thighs shake with tremors, and Will's muscles begin to go rigid – his fingernails dig hard into skin, hips slamming down a few more times until he's stilling and his cock jerks, spurting pulse after pulse of his release all over Dr. Lecter's expensive bespoke suit. He's overcome by the overwhelming intensity of it... His hole clenches in spasms, and he keens loud and high, still riding out the aftershocks, bucking his hips with Hannibal slick and hot and sheathed deep inside him.

Will is oversensitive, but that doesn't stop Hannibal from thrusting up into him, seeking his own orgasm. He lets go of the boy's hands to grab his hips instead, holding him down to shove his cock into his hole, hard and deep. Will whines and grabs Hannibal's wrists with both hands but doesn't have enough strength to make him stop. Hannibal wonders if Will wants him to stop at all.

"So beautiful... So perfect and tight for me. My good boy," Hannibal says, and the only answer he gets is another whimper. Will clenches around him one more time and makes Hannibal arch his back in pleasure, and that's enough to make the doctor come, burying his cock deep into Will's body one last time as his fingernails leave small marks on Will's skin.

With eyes closed, Hannibal feels the boy collapsing on top of him, their hearts beating against each other as they pant together. Will lets out a low moan that Hannibal can barely hear, and Hannibal wraps his arms around him to keep him there for a moment longer, his cock still inside the boy. Will Graham is just a boy, thirty years younger than him, and still Hannibal feels like he can't live without this anymore, like he will never be able to have the boy in his office and not have sex with him. Maybe that's just fine.

He kisses the boy's forehead, buries his fingers in his hair and caresses his scalp, his curls damp with sweat. Hannibal smiles. "I promise," he whispers, finally answering the question that Will had posed. "Now that I've had you, I don't think I could ever let you go."

The sentiment isn't an unpleasant one, but Will isn't used to this – sex was one thing, but intimacy was another beast entirely. He catches his breath, slumped bonelessly against Hannibal's chest, and lets himself be held a moment longer. It feels nice. Different. But he doesn't want to get used to it; won't allow himself to.

Will hums, sated for the time being, and raises onto his hands and knees. It's hard not to squirm at the sensation of Dr. Lecter slowly softening inside him... Will shifts, lifting his hips until Hannibal is slipping from his body, cock spent, wet with lube and semen. Will frowns at the uncomfortable feeling of emptiness left behind. *This* he's used to; the inevitable crash following the rush of euphoria that floods his brain during sex... He doesn't want to admit it, but from a psychological standpoint at least, his addiction is very real.

"Sorry about your suit," Will says, though it lacks the appropriate tone of sympathy. The boy crawls off of him as Hannibal sits up calmly; moves to the edge of the chaise. Will watches as he smiles and reaches for his pocket square, then takes Hannibal's place, sprawling out on his belly until it's his turn to be cleaned up. The lounge is warm and soft against his bare skin.

If he didn't know better, Will would never have guessed that Dr. Lecter had just given him the fucking of his life – he shakes out the handkerchief and wipes himself off gracefully, cleaning

himself of various fluids before tucking himself back into his trousers. Then Hannibal buttons back up, redoes his flies, and removes his soiled suit jacket and waistcoat, discarding them alongside the handkerchief in a small pile on the floor. He rolls up the sleeves of his button-down to the elbows, and Will curiously arches an eyebrow.

Hannibal silently observes the boy for a few seconds, enraptured. Will looks so beautiful like this Hannibal almost wants to take him home and keep him. But he isn't quite done with the boy yet. He runs his fingers down from the back of Will's neck to his buttocks, caressing his smooth skin slowly. Will closes his eyes, appreciating the touch, and Hannibal lifts his hand and brings it down again quickly, slapping him hard across the ass. Will moans, but doesn't complain.

"Lift your hips for me, Will." He watches as Will immediately does what he says. Hannibal kneels behind him and grabs the boy's hips, leaning in to lick some of the come that has already leaked out of him. Will's moan sounds muffled and Hannibal wonders if he has his face pressed against the chaise. He smirks and licks all the way up to Will's hole, using his hands to spread his cheeks apart. He takes his time sucking his own come out of Will, and he knows Will is overstimulated, that it's just too *much*, but the boy's moans only encourage him further. Will doesn't ask him to stop.

When he has Will trembling in his hands, he caresses the boy's thighs slowly, the black stockings soft against his hands. He mouths at one of Will's cheeks for a moment then bites down, hard enough to make Will cry out in pain and leave a mark that will last for several days. Admiring the imprints of his teeth on Will's skin, he notices that he almost drew blood. Hannibal smiles, then traces the marks with his tongue, presses his lips against the boy's skin again and sucks. When he finally feels satisfied with the mark he's left he pulls back and stands up again.

"So, Will," he says casually, bending down to snatch Will's dress from the floor. "Do you think this session was helpful to you?" He smiles at the boy, holding the dress in his hands carefully.

Will is still coming back down to Earth. He reaches behind himself to rub at his backside, where Hannibal has left a sizable bite and a stinging mark in the shape of his hand. Will almost doesn't want to go home – his body is tired, and the chaise is comfortable underneath him. It smells like Hannibal. He wants to bury his nose in the scent, but lifts himself up anyway.

"I think I got a lot out of it," Will replies with a half-smile. There's still a faint hue of pink to his cheeks, a light dusting across the bridge of his nose. "*Thank you*, Doctor. My mom will think it's a miracle when I don't sneak out tonight."

Will makes to stand, abandoning the cushy support of the lounge chair. He takes his dress from Dr. Lecter and steps into it gingerly – it's hard for Will to zip himself up, but he tries anyway. Hannibal gently guides his hands back down to his sides and does it for him. He slides the zipper up achingly slowly, starting from the base of Will's spine all the way to the nape of his neck, the soft, pale skin of the boy's back and shoulders disappearing as the velvety blue fabric comes together. Hannibal presses hot kisses above where the zipper rests.

"Too bad I can't brag about my new psychiatrist being a great fuck," Will purrs, leaning into the press of Hannibal's lips. He makes his way across the office to retrieve his shoes and slip them on. "No one can know about this, can they?"

"If they know, I won't be able to see you again," Hannibal says, watching the boy. He knows the risk he's taking, trusting the boy not to say anything to anyone. It could cause him a lot of trouble. Still, he doesn't believe the boy will betray his trust, not after Hannibal's warning.

More than that, he can see from Will's face that the boy isn't fond of the idea of never seeing him again. He walks to Will, stands in front of him. With his heels back on, Will is nearly his height. Hannibal likes him better without them. "So I must ask you to keep this secret."

Hannibal takes a step closer, lifts his hand to play with Will's hair a for a moment, looking into the boy's blue eyes. Part of him doesn't want to let the boy go, doesn't even want to let him walk out the door. He leans in and kisses Will's forehead softly. "I want to see you again in three days."

That makes Will's stomach flutter. He was hoping for a repeat of their little '*session*', but he didn't expect Dr. Lecter to want to see him again so soon. He tilts his head to one side. "I'm not complaining, but... I thought this psychiatrist thing was a once-a-week occasion."

Will blinks and reluctantly pulls away from Hannibal's touch to finish gathering his things; grabs his lube and bag, slinging the latter over his shoulder. His muscles ache, and he can feel bruises forming on his skin already. Hannibal's bites throb dully, and he's delightfully sore. Each movement reminds the boy of their activities, far from anything within the professional realm. He considers it a conquest. The comedown isn't quite as bad as it usually is – in fact, Will is filled with a giddy anticipation...

And he knows Dr. Lecter still has his panties tucked away in his pocket. "You plan on fucking my addiction away?" Will jokes, but his blood surges at the thought. "That might be counterproductive."

"Your case is very serious," Hannibal says with a smirk, placing his hand on the small of Will's back as he leads the boy to the door. He definitely doesn't want to wait a whole week to see Will again. "And that's precisely what I plan to do. I don't think it will be counterproductive at all."

They stop in front of the door, but Hannibal doesn't open it yet. Instead he pulls Will closer until their bodies are pressed against each other, leaning in to kiss the boy again, their lips and tongues sliding together in a slow, loving kiss. When Hannibal pulls back, he presses his lips to Will's gently, one last time. "Goodbye, Will."

For a brief moment the kisses leave him dazed, and Will wonders if he's hooked Dr. Lecter too deeply. It works out well enough for him – he'd do anything to explore more of this particular brand of treatment.

"Bye, Doctor," Will coos, holding Hannibal's gaze as he reaches for the knob and opens the door. "See you soon." He steps out into the waiting room and pulls it shut behind him,

pausing to lick his lips slowly... Will can still taste Dr. Lecter there.

The boy breathes a sigh and turns to leave, sifting through his bag to reach his cellphone. He smiles to himself; finds it fortunate how the perks just keep stacking up. Will won't have to give his parents hell about seeing a psychiatrist or getting help, and dissatisfaction would be a thing of the past on days when he saw Dr. Lecter. His mobile pings with a text from his mother – she's waiting outside the office to pick him up.

Will exits into the night, the light breeze cool as it blows between his thighs, gently caressing the bare skin of his rear. It soothes the smarting pain where Hannibal had marked his flesh for good measure... And it feels *scandalous*.

He can't wait for his next appointment.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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